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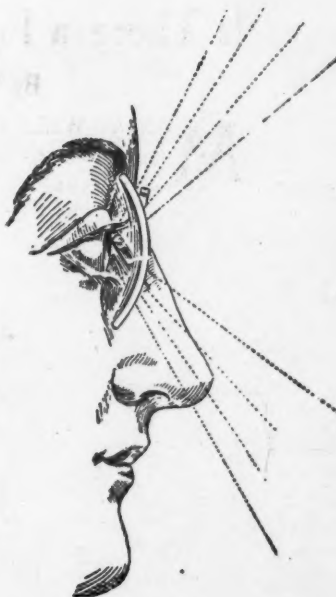
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Blanke-Wenneker

ST. LOUIS

The Mirror

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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1906.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Is There a Free Bridge Graft?

By W. M. R.

MAYOR WELLS is stupid and stubborn in his opposition to the popular objection to bridge arbitraries, etc.; but the stupidity is not all on that side of the house. None of the free bridge dervishes has yet told us what earthly or even watery use a bridge will be without terminals.

It seems to the MIRROR that the free bridge project is "up to" the free bridgers, at least as much as it is up to Mayor Wells and his administration. Why haven't the free bridge sponsors some plans?

"They have," says some one, and we are referred to Mr. L. C. Irvine's tentative ordinance for an Auxiliary Terminal Commission to plan terminals for the new bridge and then to let those terminals to a corporation or association that will guarantee the payment of any deficit resulting from the erection of the bridge, etc., etc.

This is something different from a free bridge, for while the bridge might be free the terminals would be free to tax the bridge business. Besides, such a scheme would involve the city's being at the mercy of an understanding between the new terminal company and the old. The idea back of all the free bridge agitation that was not prompted by desire to unload deciduous property on a new terminal company was a municipally owned bridge and terminals and these Mr. Irvine's project will not secure.

So far as practicability is concerned the plan of Mr. Perkin's, the expert of the Mayor's commission, is better for the city. Give the present Terminal Company the new bridge and all the franchises it wants, and let the city take the Eads bridge for a wagon way. This is simpler than creating a new terminal company to tax the city's business.

The truth is that the whole free bridge agitation has been defective because of its failure to go at the matter directly. The logic of the subject clearly indicated municipal ownership of the terminals at present existing, and possibly though not necessarily, their operation. The cost of getting the terminals frightened off the public from this.

The MIRROR believes that there is no free bridge proposal, as yet, that promises relief from the present terminal company's exactions. Furthermore the MIRROR believes that the regulation of the bridge and terminal charges is possible without a free bridge. If the charges are too heavy, if they are unjust, the Interstate Commerce Commission can regulate them, under the newly amended law. If, after such regulation, the trouble is found to be mostly a question of facilities, the MIRROR sees no economic sense whatever in having two terminal companies and no political sense in the proposal to dower a new company with franchises and privileges that have been denied to the old one. If it's only a matter of terminal facilities and the city won't take charge of all terminal facilities, one private company is better than two and easier regulated.

The free bridgers have made a lot of noise, but they haven't anything to suggest, so far as this paper can see, that offers the relief the city's business calls for. And all this is due to the fact that the aforesaid free bridgers have been disingenuous, for the most part, in dodging municipal ownership of the terminals.

And why was this dodged? Solely because the thought in the back of the cleverest heads was that the free bridge cry was a good one to take up in furtherance of a scheme for another terminal company to take up a lot of dead property and then be taken in with the existing company, after receiving, on bogus promises, from deluded civic pride, franchises much sought by and long denied to the old company.

If Mr. Irvine's proposition is the ultimate of the free bridge agitation, the MIRROR suggests that the city go at the matter rationally and make a dicker with the present terminal company for all that the company wants in the way of privileges, instead of adding the expense of another terminal association to the fixed charges on the city's business and thus confirming by indirection the monopoly to be created by the amalgamation of the two terminals, even while howling about the monopoly now enjoyed by one.

Until the free bridgers put forth something better and more honest than anything that has as yet emanated from them in the matter of realizing the free bridge they may truly be said to have no license whatever to denounce the fumbling policy of Mayor Wells. Until they put up to him something honestly affirmative they can't blame him for not proving a negative. The Mayor is justified in waiting for a plan from the sponsors of the free bridge movement. They talk bridge, but they don't talk terminals, and terminals are the issue.

The people voted for relief from terminal exactions. They want to see it. They look to Mayor Wells for it. But they also look to the free bridgers, and then they see—what? The beginnings of something bearing suspicious resemblance to a job, or a giant graft. And if that's the game, Mayor Wells may become a popular idol for his attitude that tends to stop the graft.

Hope of Home Rule for Ireland

By William Marion Reedy

AT the last banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick in this city, President Capt. P. J. Carmody declared that the prospects were that "Ireland would have home rule before St. Louis." The gallant Captain was right. Events are rapidly taking shape in Ireland and England in such a way that it seems likely the main points for which Ireland has contended for centuries may be gained from "the oppressor."

They will come, not by revolution, not even by evolution, but by devolution, which means "the relegation by the Imperial Parliament to an Irish body of a more or less considerable share of legislative and administrative control over matters in which Ireland is solely concerned." How shall this devolution be effected? We are told that, recently, Messrs. John E. Redmond and John Dillon, the leaders of the Nationalist party, have held consultations with the Right Hon. James Bryce, Chief Secretary, and Sir Anthony MacDonell, Under Secretary for Ireland, as to the form which the "devolution" programme of the Government shall take, and that a definite plan has been agreed upon. The best condensation of this plan that we have seen is that of the New York Sun, and it is here reproduced:

We observe, in the first place, that the project

does not contemplate any impairment of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Without an affirmation of the union it would be vain to hope for an acceptance of the scheme by the House of Lords. Ireland's representation at Westminster is to remain what it is now; in other words, no attention will be paid to the wishes of those Unionists who hold that the representation ought to be cut down so as to become proportionate to population. But while the supreme authority of the British Parliament with reference to the collective interests of the United Kingdom is not to be disputed, its time is not to be occupied with questions purely Irish. These, on the contrary, are to be devolved upon an Irish Council, two-third or three-fourths of whose members will be chosen on the existing parliamentary franchise, while the remainder will either be appointed or elected on a restricted franchise. It is obvious that the minority is intended to safeguard the interests of those classes which otherwise would be unrepresented. Manifestly, this feature of the project is meant to conciliate the House of Lords and win their assent to devolution. Other efforts at propitiation are discernible in the provisions that the present relations of the Irish judiciary to the Crown shall be unaffected and that the constabulary shall remain under imperial control, though it is to be reduced in numbers. Another provision is as plainly designed to please the priests, the provisions, namely, that clergymen of all denominations shall be eligible for membership in the council.

This is far from being all that Ireland wants. It does not satisfy the dissidents in Ireland and America from the parliamentary party. Broadly speaking the Clan-na-Gael will not concede that half a loaf is better than no bread, nor do they believe that this is a first step. They hold that perfidious Albion having granted so much will never grant more. They want Ireland a nation, but that seems an impossibility. Ireland a nation, that is independent and alone, would be death to England and possibly not altogether for the good of Ireland as her people are now constituted. But there is no need to argue that matter here. Ireland cannot well go back on her own parliamentary representatives now negotiating with the Liberal government. Those representatives, with the Labor members, and most Laborites are home rulers, can leave the Liberal side at short notice and they will do so if they do not obtain the concessions they ask, but it would manifestly be poor judgment to demand what the Liberal government could not give.

A further explanation of the programme of devolution may be taken from the *Sun*:

The outlines of the scheme which are thus far forthcoming do not define the limits within which subjects for legislation shall be transferred from the Parliament at Westminster to the Irish Council. On the other hand, the proposed administrative changes are stated explicitly; the forty boards by which at present the work of Irish administration is performed are to be abolished at one stroke and replaced by four new boards, namely, a central department, an education department, an agricultural department and a land transfer department. It would be left, doubtless, to the education department to say whether Ireland should have a great Catholic teaching university; to the agricultural department to determine what measures should be taken to relieve congestion in the west of Ireland and to bring about the reduction of grazing lands to tillage, while the land transfer department would be allowed to make such changes in the legislation of 1881 and in the land purchase acts as experience has shown to be desirable, provided, of course, such changes were sanctioned by the Irish Council. No important innovation, indeed, could be made by any of the four administrative departments without such sanction.

Certainly these proposals seem "workable," even if they fall far short of an Irish President for Ireland, responsible to an Irish legislature. For this, we understand, both Messrs. Redmond and Dillon stood out in the conference, but they probably realize as well as anybody that they can't have "the millennium while you wait." The question of Home Rule must go to the Lords and the more Home Rule that is proposed the more likelihood of the Lords rejecting it.

Going to the people is a ticklish proposition, es-

pecially in view of recent Liberal reverses in certain municipalities where the Liberals won tremendously at the last general election. These reverses indicate a recession from the country's demand for radical labor legislation, home rule and nonsectarian education. The education bill has come back from the Lords, emasculated. The Trades Dispute bill exempting Union funds from liability for damages to the struck or boycotted employer will also be amended by the Lords. It is likely that the Lords will reject "devolution," too. Possibly then the Government might go before the country on all these counts, relying upon the non-conformists, the working masses and the home rulers to pull them through, with the steady support of the free traders. But English prejudice against Ireland still holds some of Edmund Spenser's bitterness and regards home rule as the beginning of the dissolution of the empire and the downfall of British religion, and a too sweeping home rule proposal might awaken this prejudice in a way to bring Campbell Bannerman and his "ministry of all the talents" to overwhelming disaster. A Government party must look out for itself and cannot be expected to sacrifice itself to satisfy the extreme demands of one of its factional parts. It naturally will give only as much as it can without inviting defeat.

The practical politician takes what he can get and then comes back for more. John Redmond and John Dillon are good practical politicians. Their people should back them up and not demand the impossible. There is a chance for home rule. Some of the Lords even favor it. All publicists in England know that the House of Commons is choked and clogged with business and relief from Irish affairs would be a help to English legislation, even as has been found practical the reference of all exclusively Scotch affairs to a committee of Scotch members. It seems plain to an American that the compromise plan should be approved by the Irish people. "Whole hog or none" would be bad policy now. Mr. Bryce's bill should be accepted by the Irish and such acceptance would probably help to its acceptance by the Lords. That once achieved there is nothing in nature or law to prevent the continuance of agitation for the still further expansion of devolution until it shall amount practically to such independence for Ireland as may be consistent with the best interests alike of "the most distressful country" and "the predominant partner" in the Empire.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Two of a Fine Kind.

WE rise to remark that we need not wholly despair of the future of the American stage while there exist two such exponents of the high ideals of the power and beauty of the mummer's art as Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe. There are, in fact, some others who devote themselves to effort along like lines, but these two are distinguished above all, to our thinking, by a refined and refining quality in their work which gives it a glamour of poesy. They are all for their art, indulging not at all in self-exploitation. They are both students and hard workers. They endeavor for totality of good effect in their stage presentations, and personal triumphs are a secondary consideration. They take themselves seriously, but not too seriously. They do not vulgarize their work in an effort for superficial effect. They give us in everything they do the essence of the romantic spirit, of whom the first representative was Shakespeare. Their distinction is that their acting is informed with thought and feel-

ing flowering into a peculiar manifestation of grace. There is a ripeness in their work, a strain of something like tenderness that is acute in its appeal not only to the emotions of their auditors, but to the better æsthetic sense as well. Mr. Sothern has grown before our eyes from a very light comedian into an actor with not a little of the tragic-sympathetic strain of Booth. Miss Marlowe's gifts sweep a wide range from humor almost touched with the comic, to the pathos of *Ophelia* or *Juliet*, and the blithe gayety of *Rosalind*, in everything showing forth the essential, wonderful apparent complexity, but real simplicity of womanliness. About all that these two actors do there is that indefinable suggestion of gentility, of a culture founded upon an understanding sympathy and love, not only for art, not only for an abstract ideal of humanity, but for human beings, good, bad and indifferent, and all good. This kindness of their æsthetic attitude, this easeful radiation of an affection for and in their work, this love that burns in the heart of their art, whether grave or gay or lively or severe, is something which lifts them into a rosier air in the vision of those who contemplate their performances. And all this plasticity is not a diminution of their strength. Their modesty attracts. They live not for their own conception of the stage. They are the readiest experimenters with new plays, and they do not hold the actor above the author. Excellent justification is there for the peculiar fondness of the public for these two mummors. Many things of old delight may we forget in the years to be, but longer than most memories will linger with many of us that romantico-burlesque salute of Sothern's *D'Artagnon*, the mellow moonlit melody of Miss Marlowe's *Juliet*, the effervescent but yet maidenly hoydenism of her *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood was in Flower," even though both have done, and will yet do much greater things.

JOHN FOX, JR., wrote a little story, "A Knight of the Cumberland." You read it. It is a pleasant nothing, you say, and yet it has that charm of the simple thing sincerely and serenely done that captivates everyone. It is another "Monsieur Beaucaire," the delight of thousands upon thousands, the despair of the critics who can't even tell why they can't explain its ingratiating appeal. Not many stories you can read in half an hour and remember for a week, as this from Scribner's.

Francis vs. Folk

A STRONG concentration of certain kinds of Democratic, as distinguished from democratic, power in this State is being contrived in behalf of David R. Francis for Senator. It is the power which deems that a Senator from Missouri friendly to and befriended by the great money interests of the East would be able to do great things, materially, for the State and—for the money interests. Mr. Francis' qualities justify this feeling in the quarters where it is cherished. His gifts are distinguished. His personality is pleasing at long range. His capacity for effort and his facility in ingratiating are unique. He is of the type that would have been just right for the Senate in the days of Brice and Hanna and Gorman and Hill, but that type is passing from the Senate, and is being superseded by a type less crassly "business," more idealistic, closer to the people. All the things of and in Francis would have recommended him twelve years ago to the practitioners, but times and things have changed, and these qualities and characteristics now condemn rather than commend him. So, too, the Vest type is passed or passing, the politician type of antique dignity and occasional studied

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eloquence, and as Senator Stone is but a diminutive Vest, unhappily discredited before an opportunity came to distinguish himself, forensically or otherwise, he, too, is out of time and tune with the new movement. The Senate type now is Beveridge and LaFollette and Bailey—as Bailey has pretended to be. The new type is the man hot from the people for the new reformation, as the young men who went up to the Senate in the later fifties and early sixties to destroy chattel slavery. Mr. Francis has no sympathy with the public that demands a cessation of robbery by privilege, or private law. He is himself a privilege parasite on the public. He lives off the manipulation and milking of public values in private hands. Gallant as he is personally, gifted as he is in many ways, he is not the man to represent the people of Missouri, however he may represent its "interests." Joseph W. Folk will be Missouri's next Senator, if he be not nominated for President, and possibly if he should be nominated and defeated for President. The concentration of power in behalf of Mr. Francis for Senator will be a waste of energy. There's only one way the powers can beat Mr. Folk for Senator, and that is by sending the State Republican, and the only thing in the way of that alternative is—Joseph W. Folk.

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WE hear a little too much of Republican City Chairman Howe as a reformer. We believe it as much as we would believe a story that Rabbi Sale and Rabbi Harrison had been converted to Christian Science.

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A Thought About Charity.

HAVE you ever thought what an odd thing is our giving? We will give away the thing we value most highly to the most casual person and have joy in the doing of it, and yet let some one ask us for that same thing and we immediately feel our founts of generosity freezing up sickeningly. What is the reason? It seems to be that we give mostly for our own gratification, rather than to help other people. Therefore it is, we suppose, that publicity of charity work was invented: to offset our dislike for giving when asked with the titillation of our vanity over the knowledge that we have given. Of a truth, we don't love one another. When we think we do, we are really most in love with ourselves. We care more for anything the moment we think some one else wants it, or even needs it. Therefore there are men who leave St. Louis the night before Hospital Saturday, men who don't come down town that day, men who come down early and send their office boys out to gather badges on payment of a small sum to the ladies who conduct the "hold-up." All of which being granted, what a glorious thing it is that so many so splendidly stifle this inherent lurking meanness and pile up the sum the good women accumulate every year! May we all cultivate more of this coercion of ourselves into the goodness of giving. Only by catching ourselves metaphorically by the back of the neck and dragging ourselves up to the acts that accord with our brief good impulses do we escape settling down into being a generation of curmudgeons. It's a pull all the time to do the right thing, and the man who says it isn't is so worthless that he isn't even worth temptation by "Auld Cloutie."

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WE are in favor of all kinds of shoppers, except bucket-shoppers. Circuit Attorney Sager, please notice.

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THAT is an interesting because sincere and earnest letter upon the moral upheaval in San Francisco that

is printed in another column of this week's MIRROR. A reading of it will open the eyes of some people accustomed to accept the newspapers as both law and gospel.

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Samuel Spencer.

SAMUEL SPENCER was one of the great men of the New South, a man of constructive and developing genius. The institution he directed, the Southern Railway, is his monument. His were the faults of the system in which he believed, but he had a big brain and a big heart, and he lived and worked according to his lights at the climax of this corporation era. His death is deeply deplored throughout the business world, for however we may condemn the economic system of which he was a flower, we must admit that such men are benefactors of their kind, in spite of the adventitious aid of special laws that increase their powers. Mr. Spencer would have been a man of force under any system, and as such he deserved all the encomiums that have been passed upon him.

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Senator Tillman's Crusade.

ONE wonders if it is possible that Benjamin Ryan Tillman believes that his performances and utterances on the race issue are really contributing anything toward a sane settlement of that terrible and pathetic problem. It must be that he does so believe, yet surely nothing can come of his ruthless preachment but bloody violence and death to the harmless sons of Ham. We do not believe that the South is with Tillman in this fanatic crusade. The South loves the negro and has shown it in many ways. If it hated him it would have exterminated him long ago. The South has cared for and shared with the negro when it had little enough to share, and the South knows there are infinitely more good darkies than bad "niggers." Tillman appears to have gone mad in pursuit of his policy of inflaming against the blacks the ignorant whites. Much as we may admire some of the crudely strong qualities of the Senator we cannot help feeling that he is doing more to generate among negroes the evil feelings which he predicates of them than could have been done if President Roosevelt had lunched a dozen times with Booker Washington. The thinking South can have little sympathy with Tillman, Vardaman or Hoke Smith, whose similar yawpings are said by some to have precipitated the Atlanta riot. The negrophobes of the South are not the best Southerners. All Southerners justly and naturally abhor the thought of black domination, but how is there to be a black domination if the negro is so inferior as he is believed to be? The South has a problem, a cruel problem on its hands, but the problem is not to be solved by massacre. The advocacy of massacre may be a good play for politicians, but the business South, realizing the negro's worth as an economic factor, will have none of it.

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An Outline

By Norman Gale

AS Mary walked ahead with John
We heard glad voices ringing;
But suddenly there came a pause
Filled up by wood-birds singing,
Filled up by wild birds singing.

As John came back to us alone
His eyes with tears were welling.
'Twas but a simple tale he told
That was not worth the telling,
Ah me! not worth the telling!

The President's Mistake.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's disbanding of the colored regiment may not be thought such a big mistake, but it is a mistake, in that it condemns to disgrace, without trial, the innocent with the guilty. It is a bad precedent, none the better for its being established in a case affecting only the fortunes of "niggers." Therefore it is a big, a very big mistake.

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G. A. R. Foolishness.

A G. A. R. PROTEST against an ex-Confederate monument in Forest Park! It is a piece of silly fanaticism unworthy of serious attention. The only valid objection there could be to any monument or statue in the park would be that it was bad art or that it represented an ignoble man or cause. We may justly honor Federal and Confederate valor as England honors alike York and Lancaster, Stuart and Plantagenet. Harry P. Harding Post, G. A. R., has blundered. Park Commissioner Aull has very properly paid no attention to its preposterous and paltry-souled protest.

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Those Woozy Words.

HERE'S hoping that the Bailey-Pierce-Standard Oil exposures in Texas won't reveal anything atrocious concerning the part David R. Francis played in the inception of the Bailey-Pierce negotiations. That would be a disagreeable *contretemps* just as Dave is getting ready to plot for the Missouri Senatorship, wouldn't it? The possibility of such a thing may explain the *Globe-Democrat's* woozy editorial discrediting the fight on Bailey. Our Dave is pretty near the *Globe-Democrat*, "Scratch Francis;" eh, what?

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That Wage Raise.

ALL this blow about corporations raising wages is for future effect. The railroads will point to the wage increase to stave off the two cent a mile rate legislation in the various States. The steel mills and other big concerns will point to the wage increase as an argument for letting the tariff alone. But the workers have hardly been able to notice any benefit of the wage increase. High finance and big business are only an elaborate "con game" on the public. Wages and salaries are nowhere near a proper proportion to the cost of living.

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A Christmas Gift.

You are worrying about Christmas presents that will mean much and not cost a great deal. Why not subscribe for the MIRROR for your friends. It would remind them of you regularly each week for a whole year; make 'em sad or mad or glad or anything but bad, with each visitation. All for two dollars.

❖❖

You Must Know Paragot.

LET me introduce you to Paragot. He's the hero, the sorry hero, of "The Beloved Vagabond," (John Lane, New York). He drinks, he blasphemes, he philosophizes, he performs sudden absurdities and in his past there is a glimpse of little feet that he adores. He is clearly fallen on evil days, but he talks like Francois Villon may have talked. And he roams the earth like George Borrow. He is slovenly and dirty, but he knows arts and sciences and many languages and he chummed with a burglar in Prague and he plays the fiddle and he has an uncouth, yet not unwise, tenderness for a little English boy he adopts and takes abroad to learn in the University of Life. A fascinating tramp is Paragot, not the less for the misty past out of which comes a glint of romance. He and his boy go a-gipsying, working on farms, in France, in Italy, in Hungary. They pick up a little

THE MIRROR England's New Poet

By W. M. R.

peasant girl, *Blanquette*. They adopt a dog named *Narcisse*. *Blanquette* is homely and not bright, but good. Together they roam the world, fiddling, singing; *Paragot* drinking and giving forth golden wisdom shot with strange whims and decorated with bits of jewelry from many a classic. He is full of strange polyglot oaths and bearded like the pard. And he drinks and drinks and is the Oracle of queer clubs in London and Paris, where artists and poets congregate to listen to the man who might have done things, but doesn't. He draws on a marble table-top a drunken architectural design for a Palace of Dipso-mania at the World's Fair. He lives in semi-squalor mitigated by *Blanquette's* ministrations. The boy *Asticot* he has had educated as an artist. The romance of the little feet he adored looms up—and it is one of those improbable things that are only probable to a *Paragot*. He finds his lost love. There is an explanation. But though they tried to live the interrupted dream of thirteen years before, they fail. Vagabondia has made *Paragot* unfit for the ordered world. He tries to get back into his class; the conventionalities stifle him and he plunges into a drunk that leads him back from England to a student's quarter *bal*. Then the sodden Bohemianism has forgotten him. His brief essay at respectability has made him there taboo. He is lost in the Paris terrain, where once he was a lord like Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud. Then he marries poor, plain, but good, little *Blanquette*, and there we leave him. But, *sirap de cadaver*, we can't leave him. He haunts us like the men in "La vie de Boheme," like the romany fellows in "Lavengro," like that *John Burleigh* who furnished the brains for *Randal Leslie* in "My Novel." His foolish wisdom and his wise folly are tangled up in memory, in an airy language that is bright with the fancies of the Land of Cockaigne. He is sentiment gone to failure in conflict with the way of the world. He is the pathos of the man who dawdles with his gifts and lets the world go by for some dream in which he sacrifices himself to his unconscious egotism, mistaking it for some superiority to the run of common mortals. But you love him even while he disintegrates his stamina, for the piteousness of his masquerade to himself and for the embodiment in him of some of your own fondest fantasies in a youth full of real or imaginary *Mimis* and *Fanchettes* and of resounding talk amid the smoke and the smell of beer and the music of the "chimes at midnight." You must know *Paragot*. His creator is William J. Locke.

❖❖ *Crapsey's Inconsistency.*

REV ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY, of Rochester, leaves the Episcopalian pulpit because he cannot believe in the virgin birth of the Saviour, or in the resurrection of the Saviour's body. He has been twice adjudged a heretic. He built up a rich parish. He leaves it without a dollar to his name. Bishop Potter intimated that the heretic sought notoriety for the sake of money, and, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, Dr. Crapsey's attorney, flayed the Bishop at the tables of the rich, waited on by butlers and footmen, in contrast with the clergyman whose honesty made him proclaim his doubts. Now the Rev. Mr. Crapsey, in leaving, advises other rectors and pastors not to leave, even if they do not believe the things they preach. Just how he can reconcile such advice with honesty cannot be imagined. Why live and teach what to them must be a lie? A queer inconsistency this of Rev. Mr. Crapsey.

❖❖

THE President's proposed income tax is fallacious. It taxes work. What should be taxed is privilege, and that which the community contributes to the individual. The inheritance tax is more logical.

ALFRED NOYES is hailed as a new poet of much promise in the introduction to his "Poems", by Hamilton Wright Mabie, in the edition of selections from his work issued by Macmillan Co., New York. In England Noyes is accepted as ranking with, if not above, Mr. Stephen Phillips. An epic which he calls "Drake" is being published serially in *Blackwood's*. This American edition of his work deserves reading, when that work in its entirety is highly praised by such a strongly established critic as Mr. Mabie. A careful reading of the book cannot be said to justify to the present writer the high praise of the English critics. Indeed, Mr. Noyes' poems strike the present writer as being singularly cold. His color seems pale. His nature poems retain something too much of the XVIII. century superficiality of sentiment. The first poem, "The Passing of Summer," is distinguished verse, without a doubt, but it is not so tuned that it awakens a summer in the reader's heart. It has a certain chastity of expression, as an ode should have, but compared with a poem, let us say, Swinburne's "Last Oracle," it has not enough classic keenness of chastity to make up for its deficiency in fire. In the very next poem we find an adaptation from Heine, a poem to a "false love." The sweet bitterness of Heinrich is all to seek. Something of brighter hardness we find in his apostrophe to the Venus of Milo, though he loses unconsciously the pagan viewpoint, even as he falls into the baser mysticism of the Christian in the poem called "The Sculptor." A poem illustrating in perfection his method and his manner, though with all allowance made for the restraint of his sonnet form, and without any christianization of the pagan concept, is this:

VENUS DISROBING FOR THE BATH.

*Over the firm young bosom's polished peaks,
The thin, white robe slips dimly as a dream.
Slowly dissolving in the sun's first beam:
Far off the sad sea sighs and vainly seeks
The abandoned shell that bore her to the Greeks
When first she slumbered on the sea-blue stream,
And in the dawn's first faint, wild, golden gleam
The white doves woke her with their soft red beaks.
From breast to sunny thigh the light silk slips
On every rose-white curve and rounded slope:
Pausing; and now it lies around her feet
In tiny clouds; now timidly she dips
One foot: the warm wave, shivering at her sweet,
Kisses it with a murmur of wild hope.*

In such ballads as "The Barrel Organ" and "Forty Singing Seamen" we find Mr. Noyes in his aspect of a refined Kipling, but Kipling is only Kipling and effective, when unrelated to refinement. "The Highwayman" is a fairly good ballad, but not in the class with Stevenson's "Ticonderoga", to say nothing of Rudyard's "Ballad of East and West." A finer thing is "Sherwood". In that poem Mr. Noyes strikes a natural strain evocative of all the bright romance of the storied forest. "The Haunted Palace" is ambitious in its effort and has a dignity indisputable, also a clear atmosphere in which the visions are made to rise up and stand out to a not too resonant music. "The Woman Soul" is a symbolic ballad showing woman's greater capacity for sacrifice—entering Hell alone for the man who only wanted her to enter with him. "A Night at St. Helena" is the blank verse story of a dream or soliloquy of Napoleon, and there is no disputing its tense, nervous force and its keenness of spirit, though too philosophical and not Na-

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There is a foreword to the poem, by the publisher, Mr. William Marion Reedy; and the notes at the end indicate that one sonnet from the first edition had to be dropped from the regular sequence and another substituted, because of an event since the writing of the poem that vetoed the sentiment of the author.

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poleonic in style. Napoleon loved Ossian, and he would probably soliloquize Ossianically—like his poluphloisboiant proclamations. For the rest this volume is not, so far as one reader can judge, either high or deep. There is nothing in it to compare with Phillips' "Marpessa," or "Christ in Hades." Mr. Noyes is pious and mystic, but there is nothing in this book that approaches that magnificent poem of Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven." In the Japanese poems Mr. Noyes is unconvincing—banal word, but expressing exactly the impression. There is just enough of the true pagan poetic spirit in Mr. Noyes to be confused, suffused, adulterated, obstructed by a strong streak of evangelicalism. Mr. Noyes is truly religious in quality, and yet in a way a long remove from Herbert or from Christopher Smart's mighty "Song of David." The simpler he is, the better. Thus:

BLACKBERRIES.

*Out of the sunny field they passed
And sought the leafy shade;
A farmer's boy with laughing lips,
A barefoot village maid.*

*Her lips were blue with blackberries,
Her finger tips were red:
And "What shall take the stain away
This day at all?" she said.*

*He's pulled the rose from out his coat,
And it was fully blown;
He's heard the song the linnet sang,
And they were all alone.*

*It was a white rose took the stain
From her dainty finger tips;
But, O, it was a redder flower
Grew purple at her lips.*

*Kindly Caricatures No. 85.*

W. S. CHAPLIN

Kindly Caricatures

[85] W. S. Chaplin

The man who can write that simply and yet picturesquely can write poetry, no matter how much of dryness may characterize his other work, no matter how he may lose his ease and free stroke in adherence to traditional models. It is evident that occasionally he has the mastery of art for art's concealment. Mr. Noyes is a poet of high intention, and at times he is capable of exquisite speech that captivates the ear. In these "Poems" he shows indeed something more than promise. It is true, as Mr. Mabie says, that he blends "the gay temper and the serious mood." There is some freshness of his use of the imagination, a deal of "charming fancy" and "good luck with phrase and epithet," yet we fail to find in him as a general thing any "beguilement and authority"—probably because we cannot approach him from the more or less ascetic, not to say anæmic, standpoint of an evangelical critic like Mr. Mabie.

CHANCELLOR CHAPLIN, of Washington University, is a large and imposing body with little of aesthetic or pulchritudinous value aside from an hyperion lock which Bloch exaggerates in this caricature. He is the most unacademic-looking man connected with a university anywhere. Practical is writ all over him. Bigness, ruggedness, something of the sun-tanned and wind-battered look of an engineer is the impression you gather of him through the eye. Through the ear you apprehend him, too, as distinctly matter of fact, unornate. Whatever idealism there is in him is not loquacious. The military tang is in him too. His eye and his tongue speak care for popularity in his make-up. Nor has he any care for popularity in his make-up. Nor has he any airs of any kind. When he wishes he can unbend like

another and doing so, reveals a good, hearty, lusty gusto of life, tempered, of course, with the school-master's inescapable necessity of being an exemplar of dignity to the boys.

For fifteen years he has been "chancellor" among us. When you see him down town, you instinctively look for brick-dust and mortar on his boots. The professors at the "U" seem to think that he cares only for the brick-and-mortar of the university. They despair of ever enthusing him over the humanities or art. Nothing gets a real rise out of him but the practical sciences. The abstractions of education don't enthuse him, apparently. He doesn't get up on his legs and lead thought, talking civic ethics, or indulging in sociological exertations about social problems. Good reason why. It is a big part of his business not to tread on the corns of any rich man who may possibly be thinking of doing something for the university, and no one can talk the higher, broader morality these days without trampling all over rich men who

are possible benefactors. Moreover, Washington University is an institution of the sort of Unitarianism that is only a sort of frosted Congregationalism—innocent of transcendental taint—and so it steers close to orthodoxy while vaunting its intellectuality. Again, the university smacks altogether of the stiff and stolid Sir Priscian. It is as "nice" almost as Vassar or Bryn Mawr and it carefully avoids open questions. Dominant spirits in it are a combination of two conservatisms—New England's and the South's. Brilliance is discountenanced; originality abhorred. It's a Big Cinch university and the Big Cinchers distrust new views or any views of men who only think and have never made a pile in business.

The Chancellor "keeps the lid on" the professors, lest they say something "unsettling." And yet it's a moral certainty that the Chancellor himself holds some views that some of the benefactors would call "anarchistic." He keeps the lid on himself to the end of getting the university to a point where it can unleash its thoughts and unlock its lips, fearless of losing a probable endowment. Mr. Chaplin has lived in the world of men from Maine to Japan and he knows it is all right and all wrong and betwixt and between, and it's results he's after and to get them he is not going to let educational fantasticalities like those intermittently emanating from the Chicago University imperil his prospects. As good a way as any is to sit in his office smoking big cigars, looking like a big contractor and check the enthusiasms of those teachers who want to go off after highfalutinism. This is maddening to a professor who wants to cut loose with something to make the world sit up and think; but it's the sort of thing the "men higher up" want and it goes. When the funds are secured, intellectual star performances will be permitted and the university will get men to make a front to the world.

The Chancellor doesn't put himself forward. Some professors call him "a martinet," but he isn't that. Simply he will not stand for what the President and the Board call "rainbow chasing," but he shows in his clear and not unhumorous eye that he is not out of sympathy with those who desire to teach without any clamps on them. This isn't the place where he can with good policy get out and do, or say, or permit to be done or said, things that spring from the modifiedly independent environment at Yale or Harvard or Cornell or Leland Stanford, Jr. universities. He's up against that fixity of public opinion to which, particularly in the South, independent, advanced private opinion must yield. That he never says anything unique in public is not to be wondered at. When he first came here he made a few remarks about medical education in the West, that got him into hot water for a couple of years.

There is no more likeably democratic prominent man in St. Louis. There is a wealth of quiet fun in him and he is innocent of pomposity. "As easy as an old shoe," fits him exactly. Dilettantism is foreign to him. He isn't a hypercritical "intellectual." He is just the man the "main squeezes" want him to be to keep the university going along easily without doing anything that will affright the big commercialists into a conviction that higher education threatens "vested interests." But he is a man built on a broad scale physically and anything but phlegmatic mentally, even though he be not one who permits himself to dream aloud his dreams.

The Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message takes another "soak" at the plutocracy. He wants more Federal supervision, and some of us question whether he doesn't want too much for the security of our liberty. Still he is doing the thing that had to be done. He is averting extreme action that might work disaster to the public no less than the special interests. His plea against injunctions is sound law and morals, but his argument against appeal in criminal cases is open to objection as being too restrictive of man's rights. His plea for the income and inheritance taxes will direct attention to the demerits of the one and the justice of the other.

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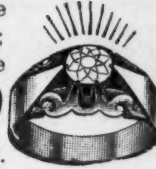
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The Delights of Gardening

By Ernest McGaffey

JUDGE KRUM'S sardonic, chastely allusive "Backyard Philosophy" in a recent issue of the MIRROR brings up the whole question of gardening. It is evident that the Judge is no dilettante, but a common or garden gardener, not a mere fakir set out upon a fad after reading the recent forty-seven best-selling garden books. I, too, have gardened, though not in the pent up space of a back yard.

Gardening is a strictly philosophical and contemplative pursuit, and weak and foolish is the individual who imagines it to be in any way related to agriculture. The mere hoeing and spading of the ground is but the gateway which leads to the mysteries of mother earth. In fact, my advice is to get your garden plot plowed and harrowed before you begin on your experiments. It will cost but a trifle, and stirs the ground up thoroughly. After that, the beds may be apportioned off, and space allotted to each particular vegetable.

All garden seeds are feminine in gender. This readily appears when we take into consideration the contrariness and even petulance of most of them. Radishes can be excepted, as of neuter gender, being willing and even anxious to grow anywhere and with

very little care. But your beet, your head-lettuce, parsnips, peas, tomato plants and onion sets are distinctively feminine. Let me retract the statement that ALL garden seeds are of the gentler sex. The bush bean is boldly masculine, growing and flourishing like the proverbial green bay tree, and bearing successive crops until hard frost blackens its leaves.

The sweet corn is a coquettish growth, sometimes doing nobly with hardly an effort, and at other times wilting under the sunlight and producing gnarly little nubbins with scarcely the taste of corn in them. Tomato plants must be spoken to gently. They are such fragile creatures that a harsh word, almost, makes them curl up and wither. Plenty of water and a patient courtship with the hoe is necessary to bring them to their glory; but when they do make up their minds to be good, they will surprise you with the luxuriance of their fruitage. For myself, I hate them, but I never saw a woman who did not delight in them, particularly in salads.

The cabbage is a shrew, delighting in starting out with the greatest possible amount of promise, and winding up as a feast for bugs, or dried up by the sun. I shall never plant cabbage again. I set out eighty plants, and placed a broad-bladed shingle over them to shield them from the amorous advances of the sunshine. They had been planted according to

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Hoyle, with an ample supply of water in each hole where a plant had been inserted, and a silent prayer for their well-being. At first they waxed mightily and gladdened my soul with visions of "slaw" and "kraut," but alas for the mutability of human hopes! A small bug began to browse on the inner leaves and I was advised to spray them with insect powder. This I did with very indifferent success, the only effect being to make the bugs sneeze violently.

Salt water was then suggested, and I followed this recipe, but apparently the bugs grew stronger. Just when I had made some progress by scraping the bugs off and grinding them under my hob-nailed shoes, a new enemy appeared on the scene which was more terrible than an army with banners. This newcomer was a large, long worm, of a color hardly distinguishable from the cabbage-leaf, and with an abnormal appetite. The only difference between this worm and the anaconda of the African forests, was that the snake would be a trifle bigger than the worm, and the snake when gorged would go to sleep for awhile. These worms were of the detective species, for they "never slept." On the contrary they gorged themselves day and night. They were studded all over with horns, something like the Mexican horned toads, or the unicorn of mediaeval heraldry.

The only way to exterminate them was with a club or a repeating rifle. But to my horror they multiplied and rose faster than I could kill them, and after a few massacres which proved utterly futile in reducing their numbers, I made them a horticultural bill of sale to the cabbages, and left them alone in their glory.

Hoing vegetables is the laziest kind of amusement, if you only have the knack. After selecting your hill, or your row, let the instrument of torture weave gently to and fro among the greenery and fasten your mind firmly on the scene overhead and around you. Dream and build castles in the air. Listen to the thousand and one chords and sounds that drift above and around you. Let kings and queens strut in tinselled pomp across the petty stage of their existence. Let the rural post-man leave you nothing in the box but the measly little weekly paper from the county seat. Let your creditors suffer and billionaires groan under dyspeptic torments. What boots it? Aye, what boots it?

*"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"*

The delights of parentage, almost, follow on the discovery of a row of seeds which have broken the shell of the enveloping earth and come peeping timidly from their coverlets. Lettuce, especially, has an infantine look to it as it springs irregularly from the little channels in which it has been planted. And when the crisp leaves mature and are plucked and washed how succulent they look, and, *cheu!* how deliciously they taste. The turnip is a plebeian vegetable, and really looks better in the fields than in a garden. Onions look well in long rows, the young onion being about as good a garden product as can be imagined. Even the vulgar odor which it exhales will not prevent our best people from eating them, albeit the preference for them is accounted "low" by the ultra-fastidious.

There is a streak of the "monk" in most of us, else how should we imitate so much. A good deal of literature and a vast amount of music is imitation, and the science of gardening is mainly a slavish following of the days of our forefathers. Of course the genius of a Burbank may give us, after awhile, the odorless onion, the albino tomato, the huskless corn and the podless pea, as well as the stringless bean and the seedless apple, but as a rule we dig, plant and gather as our ancestors did. "And the man who plants cabbages, imitates too."

But the warm smell of the earth, the foolish and squirming angle-worms at one's feet—as we foolish and squirming mortals at the feet of the mystery around us—the song of birds from the orchard, the colors in sky and foliage, all this makes a setting and

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lends a music to what might seem to the unimaginative as very dull sport.

But there is a certain heartsease about delving in the soil and watching the dumb green things grow, which has its peculiar gratification. I do not pretend there is a soul in a turnip, any more than I assert a higher station than the vegetable for the turnip-souled in human kind.

There is humor, however, as well as pathos in the various duties appertaining to this gentle art, and next to angling, it should have a warm corner in the hearts of the quietly disposed.

And there is an innocent pleasure, also, in going over one's treasures when visitors arrive. Do not, by the way, especially if you are a woman, dwell too long nor too lovingly on each particular beauty of your collection, nor descant too earnestly on the manifold excellences of the display. For they say, in the case of a woman, when such a course is followed, that she has never been blessed with any children; if a man, that he is growing old.

A little of all this might be studied or experienced in our backyards. Flowers are all right, in front yards, but what more delectable than a nice vegetable garden in the back yard. I rail not at Judge Krum for his back yard flower gardens. They have their fitness, their beauty, but some one must lift his voice for the humble but goodly vegetable as a utilitarian resource not without its fresh beauty, for the relief of the dismal prospects that confront us when we gaze over our backyards.

The Naked Truth

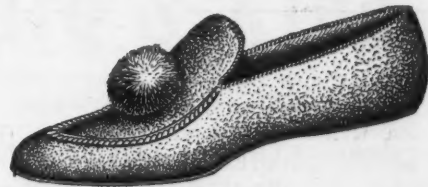
TRUTH and Falsehood went to swim,
Leaving clothes on river's brim.
Falsehood dressed up in Truth's clothes—
That is why Truth naked goes.
Truth is modest—you'll not meet
Naked Truth upon the street.

—New York Life.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jennie:

WELL! The Hospital Saturday and Sunday "collections" are over. Thank God! I wonder some of the people don't stand off and look at themselves in that annual stunt. Is it quite in good taste—this cajoling, this holding up, this familiarity with Tom, Dick and Harry? We're shocked at Salvation lassies begging in saloons. Well, I saw a lady collector standing up at a down town bar being joshed by half a dozen men. I saw some ladies in the rotundas of some of the big buildings palavering men in a way that I didn't like—and they wouldn't either, if they'd thought of it. There's a lot of stuff I might write about this scheme of sending out nice women to solicit men for money, but I can't trust my pen. And that woman standing up at the bar! And the other women that I heard of, doing the same thing. Isn't it time to call a halt on this, lest what began as a harmless innovation become a grave scandal? The thing has become coarsened in the unseemly competition among the women for a good showing which leads them too far from womanly reserve, all unconsciously, of course. Lord knows I'm not a prunes and prisms prude either. Fairs and bazaars are bad enough, but this pulling and hauling men and standing jollies from total strangers in public places—the men at the head of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association should put a stop to it, even if it does cut them off from a lot of silly publicity and foolish adulation. Of course, I'd be hurt if my views became known and I'd be accused of hostility to the organization, but I'm not hostile—at least, not wholly so. I'm like the workingman who took a striker's place and was telling of the visit to him of a strikers' "entertainment committee." "But can you explain why the strikers refrained from doing you any injury?" asked a reporter. "At the last mo-



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ment," replied the strike-breaker, as he glanced furtively around, "they discovered that I was wearing a union suit." There; now that I've said this I feel relieved and I will proceed with my adventures and observations.

✦

I hereby solemnly, unsmilingly and concentratedly retract everything I may have said in past history concerning the good manners of St. Louis concert audiences. The Choral Symphony audience that be-

haved with propriety and silence was a phenomenon—it will never happen again this side o' Canaan—how it happened to happen once the good Lord only knows. The Apollo Club audience last week was our own particular brand, our homemade, none-such, fifty-seventh variety of bad manners and rude deportment, the steenth limit of laxity in conduct befitting gentlemen and scholars. "Listen, my child, and you shall hear" of the near-midnight rush of the hundred and twenty—poetizing aside, Jane, let me get down to brass tacks and make you acquainted with what happened—it is easily told, and in few words: One hundred and twenty persons, male and female, made a wild rush for the front door, Jane, just after the next to the last number, and before that splendid young artist, Madame Corinnie Rider-Kelsey started in to sing the encore, that the front rows and the main music-loving body of the house had clamored for, this hundred and etc., scrambled into wraps, came chatting down the main aisle, lingered in the foyer to chat some more, this time in loud and self-satisfied voices—expressed themselves as either pleased with the concert—as if anybody gave a darn what they thought—or made themselves odious by comparisons with the recent Amphion Club's effort—and when they had entirely and complacently ruined the singer's encore for everybody within fifteen rows of the rear, they tossed the mantel of their bad manners around them and hiked out. Then the Apollo boys came on and sang their last number in peace, and with an attentive and quiet audience. It was, honest Injun, Jane, it was without doubt, the worst exhibition of rude and unthinking people that I ever saw at a place of public amusement—for I wasn't at that fatal matinee which caused Ethel Barrymore to turn spitfire and vent her spleen on a small house by accusing us of rude deportment—but nothing, my dear, positively nothing, could have equaled this Apollo demonstration—it was the uttermost limit—and the Apollo boys, whom I saw the day after, were purple in the face and foaming at the mouth—as they'd every right to be. What foreign music makers and theatrical stars think about our lack of deportment is only to be conjectured—we are the crude and disgustingly rude article, all right, all right. Heigho, and it makes me sad just the same, for St. Louis only gets another black eye, and goodness knows everybody in town doesn't deserve it. Somehow I've an idea that the Robert Patterson Strine concerts—he manages most of those big German guns—like Schumann-Heink and sich—go in better style—and that people behave better when he's at the helm. His imposing person and those lovely white waistcoats—they sorter act as the ounce of prevention. He's a daisy manager, but say, girl, why in the name of Aphrodite, doesn't somebody give Mrs. R. P. a hint to leave off wearing those diadems of dinky daffodils that she tops her bonny brown locks with,—those crowns upon her forehead—I unconsciously look for a harp in her right hand every time she shows up. Mrs. R. P. S. is a pretty woman, and a young woman, but that flower-girl effect belongs to the not-yet-but-soon debutante class, and she better pass it up.

Before I let up on things musical, Jane, I want to call your attention to some of the husbands of ladies who sing—and to enter a mild but none the less vigorous protest concerning their conduct. Now, mind you, this doesn't apply to the musical husbands who do stunts themselves. They are all right, and they never make mistakes and force their wives' talents down your throat. They know how it is themselves; but the clerical,—I don't mean the clergy—but the book-keeper, the department-store manager, the wholesale dealer who has an "artiste" wife—he is the buttered bun, he, the pestiferous mosquito—he hums around, buzzing on his wife's foreign culture, his wife's press notices, his wife's unappreciated genius, his wife's jealous rivals, until you feel like gently, but unmistakably casting him into outer darkness and

the day after to-morrow. He is the biggest nuisance—next to Smoke Jones and the "Cook with Gas" that we've got in this community. By the by, that last makes me think of myself on Thanksgiving Day. A whole crowd of us—"Dele" Armstrong, "Cille" Campbell, Stella Wade Scullin, Margaret Lyon—awful pretty girl is Margaret—and some appropriate men, of course, we drove out in a coach—jolly crowd, indeed—and coming back we came down Vandeventer avenue from the north. Jane, as I live and breathe and have my being, for five whole blocks Vandeventer showed a ditch along the side where the gas company

had taken up the brick paving to put down their mains, and instead of relaying the bricks, as they are required by law to do, they just filled in the ditch with dirt and let it go at that; and on Easton, when we turned the corner, it was little better, except that they didn't dare leave the bricks out here, but had put them in, hit or miss, until the side of the street looked like a Pompeii ruin. It is a shame, that's what it is, and why in the name of common decency doesn't Mayor Wells get out and make everlasting fame for himself by holding these soulless corporations down to their duty. He could do it, Jane, and if he only

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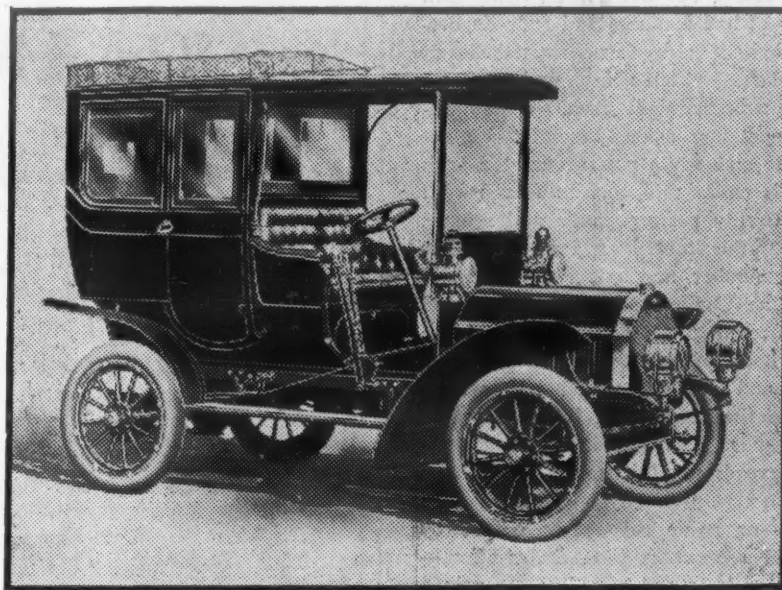
OLIVE—BROADWAY—LOCUST.

took the trouble to jump into that forty-horse power motor car of his some fine day and skip about town he would see enough laxity of law to turn his hair gray. The United Railways do just what they please on the streets. They, too, are compelled by law—or they would be, if the law were properly enforced—to keep two feet on each side of their tracks in perfect condition, and if they tear it up to lay new tracks, the cobble stones or the bricks must be put down in exact condition. Do they do it? Well, say, "waltz me around again, Willie!" Wish we had one of those Iowa magistrates down here who has gone down to everlasting fame because he fears neither man, alderman nor millionaire, and who has arrested more "prominent" citizens for breaking the laws than the arithmometer can count up in a month's steady business—wouldn't it be just gorgeously glorious?

There is a current rumor afloat on the waves of sassiety that darling Mrs. W. B. Anderson, who lives in swell suites at the Buckingham is about to, or contemplating or possibly ruminating on the subject of giving a large blow-out to her dear seven hundred friends. She says she never dares give a small entertainment for fear of slighting somebody—which may be true—and it's the joyful news all right. Mother says she can't sleep o' nights owing to the prospect. It has been some time since Mrs. Anderson entertained—and so, my dearest, we live in anticipation—a sorter "hope deferred," as it were. Mrs. Anderson is awfully interested in charity—she does stunts on the Memorial Home board, but Jane, I think her expected charity to us girls in society is the duckiest thing out—don't you? Dead loads of news, coming and going.

The wedding of that pretty little Katherine Handlan and a young man by the name of Fortner came off yesterday, Jane, and I understand from mother's manicure whose sister shampoos Katherine's hair, that Papa Handlan doesn't favor the match with extreme favorability, and that the groom don't suit because he's not rich. It seems hard to believe this gossip, for I always credited Papa Handlan with sound horse sense. The Fortner youth is, so I understand, a very decent sort, manly, well-bred, and while only modestly endowed with this world's goods, fully capable of taking excellent care of Katherine, of whom he is very fond. It would then, my angel, strike the rank outsider that, instead of making objections the Handlan family ought to be offering up thanks and shouting paeans of joy, is it not so, darling? One daughter made a rich marriage, which can hardly be called a blooming success, at least, right now—and there is still a bunch of daughters that are not exactly going off like hot cakes—so to speak—hence I advocate the "hymns of praise" and fail to understand the alleged attitude of papa. Young Fortner was a clerk at the Jefferson, where the Handlans live. "Lil, the Lavender Lady," has suddenly developed a very domestic streak—so one of Vella Handlan's friends told a girl who told me. She goes to market and superintends her house in fine style. New move. When Billy lived there he took most of his meals at a South Side restaurant and found considerable trouble in locating the exact position of his clean linen, and, my dear, the bluff Billy Lemp put up, he could make his fortune on the mimic stage right this minute—it shows his genuine good stuff, doesn't it, to keep the outside world from knowing that all was not well just as long as possible. I take off my hat to Billy every time. Four years ago everybody thought Lil and himself a model couple—of domestic felicity—even found fault with them because they lived to themselves, and apparently were so satisfied with each other that they didn't give a demmition doughnut whether school kept or not—Lil changed from a whirlwind girl to a demure, well-dressed, quiet-voiced young woman, while Billy, the hail-fellow-well-met, the gay young bachelor who spent money freely, and enjoyed all the good things of life, settled down into

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a perfect paragon of husbandly devotion, and seldom stirred from his own fireside. Think of the possibilities of this union, my dear—think of the model for all the rest of us—think of our tenderest idol shattered—I could weep briny tears. I must say Billy did himself proud—he went to the last extreme—and the young woman will find it out too late—mebbe has found it out already—for there are mighty few men who would have been so forbearing, so good-natured under stiff domestic pressure as Billy Lemp. He is a good bit older than Lil—about eight or ten years—and he seems to have determined to give her the full benefit of the doubt, and to be as gentle as he could—until patience ceased to be a virtue. Father says Billy's family—Charlie, the sister Elsa, and the youngest brother Edwin—rescued him just in time. I believe myself that his bulldog tenacity, his honest desire to do the best thing would have made him "stick" till it killed him, if the others hadn't cut in at the

right time. No man has a right to murder himself and his better nature for any one, Jane, I don't care what you say, and I have a genuine appreciation of the trials of my sex with the best of men—which may be construed into the most childish—men grown up? Why, Jane, they are veritable babes in arms—which won't strike many married women as a new theory, you can bet your boots. Billy was pretty near the border line of desperation, Jane, so the men seem to think. Isn't it awful that young people can't get along when they've lots of money, a sweet child, an old family name to uphold, and life before them, with no "other" man or woman in the perspective?

But what can you expect if a girl gets no better domestic training than that which comes from living all her days in a big hotel? Lil was raised, socially launched, gaily married from the Planters Hotel, and allowed to do anything she darned pleased—and she pleased to have a good time, according to her own ways of thinking. Wonder why some of these mothers of kidlets out at the Buckingham and the Washington and the Hamilton, who let them run wild in the corridors and "sass" the "bell hops," as I often see and hear 'em, don't stop and think a minute. It makes me fairly sick to contemplate their future. I hear that Eugene Handlan, who virtually made the match between his best friend, Billy Lemp, and his sister, is so disgusted at the whole thing that he refuses to talk about it even in the family, and that Ham Handlan, the quiet—awfully nice younger son, is pretty much the same way—all of which does not detract from my good opinion of 'Gene and Ham—it's only a pity their influence with Lil isn't big enough to make her take some kind of a dignified position—to bring her pride to the rescue. She didn't sue for a divorce this fall, though she had the chance—I doubt very much whether she ever will. What a thousand pities Billy didn't marry some rosy-cheeked, handsome young German girl of good old South Side stock, with domestic instincts, who would have made him an excellent mate and reared him half a dozen *kinder* to inherit the Lemp millions! I always look at Mrs. Gussie Busch and think what a splendid wife she has made Gussie, and Gussie wasn't any too domestic when they married, I can tell you. He had a lot of money for a young man, and he was a Busch. Mrs. Gussie tells this story of the past herself—and Gussie is such a model of a married man, now, that I guess he won't mind if I whisper it in your left ear. After they had been married a year or so,—she was Marie Zieseman, you know, Otto Schubert's niece—and a slim, little, unsophisticated sweet-natured girl—Gussie didn't seem to settle down and relish the "fire-side angel" act with avidity, and his carpet slippers used to wait in vain beside the hearth. Mrs. Gussie stood it awhile, and then she went one day in much distress to her mother-in-law, that splendid woman, Mrs. Adolphus Busch, and poured out her woes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Adolphus, patting her hand gently, "Go slow, go slow. Give him time. He'll come out all right. But don't forget that you have married a Busch—I married one, too—and your sons will be chips off the same block. Let 'em have their fling, but don't, above all things, show your impatience. Wait, my dear, only wait." Marie went away comforted, and it wasn't many moons before her mother-in-law's words came true. Gussie is the model of model husbands, now, Jane, and, my land sakes, as proud of his lovely wife and their sturdy, handsome boys as the heart could wish.

♦
Lots doing in the giddy whirl this week—Georgie Pettus gave a sweet tea on Monday, and Mrs. Rolla Wells was to have given a luncheon for Julia Knapp Wells on Tuesday, but called it off because of a death in the family. The Kehler ball for Marguerite Tower is to-night at the Woman's Club, and the Smith College girls will try their hand at amateur dramatics on Saturday morning for the benefit of themselves—like the Hot Time Minstrels. I understand the last named Willie

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boys gather in a bunch of shekels every year that would make your eyes drop out, Jane, and there isn't an end to the small functions and dinky tea parties that show we have awakened with the dewy morn, darling. I am hencing away to dress for Mrs. Charlie Cox's recep,—she has two daughters to bud—ain't that awful?—as if one debutante in the fambly wasn't sufficient unto the day.

I went to the Thanksgiving blow-out at the Col-

umbian Club. Me for the Jews. They know how to have a good time. First there was Arthur Lieber's operetta, "Miss Cupid of Chicago"—the music very sweet and pretty. If Arthur would let himself go he could do a catchy thing, but he's hampered by his conscientious musicianship. He should try big free things, not dainty little things. The ladies in the cast were Mrs. Philip Haberman and May Goldman. Mrs. Haberman is a stunner. She has aplomb and ease and under a big hat with a great bunch of red roses she put a deal of good acting into her singing. May Goldman, daughter of the three-times married Jake, was cute and *chic* in a sort of *Pitti Sing* part. She sang with a fine, rich tone, and did her little Japanese walk and the dances with a great deal of the art of the *ingenu*. 'Twas a good little show, and after it there was supper. You should have seen them all at supper—the jolliest crowd, with Mose Fraley leading the jollity everywhere, seconded by Col. Dave Aloe. Then there was that young Schoenburg setting the tables in a roar with his quips and quirks. Mrs. Mose Fraley was there with a whole Rand of diamonds on her, to say nothing of a wonderful hat with white and blue feathers. And she and Mose had been married forty-one years only the day before. Such a youthfulness, eh? The most striking woman in the place, I thought, was Mrs. Louis P. Aloe, gowned in severe simplicity, with a strong and mobile face, clear-eyed, with something of the Greek in her general impression of free grace. She's a woman who would be noted anywhere and her husband's being president of the club had nothing to do with it. And all the Glasers were there—must be a hundred of 'em—well, at least six families, Julius and Leo and—oh, I can't tell you all. And there were two pretty Glaser girls there with their fiancés. Their engagements were announced next day. Corinne, daughter of the Adolphi, is to marry Angelo Myers of Philadelphia, and Elinor, daughter of the Morrises, is to

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wed Philip Swarts of Omaha. Of course, Selma Altheimer was notable for her style, but more because she is generally conceded to be the most cultured and accomplished Jewess in St. Louis. Another notable young woman was Alice Eiseman, while a particularly sweet-faced woman whom all seemed to like was Mrs. Elias Michael. Then there was Mrs. Drey, very *distingue* with her gray hair and glasses and her gracious manner—said to be the one woman present whose opinion on the operetta would be decisive. She said it was good. The Moses Schoenburgs were pleasantly in evidence, and a very stylish woman, not alone in dress, but in general *ton*, was

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Mrs. Sig. Koninski. Probably if I were put on oath I would vote Mrs. Dr. Hanau Loeb the very prettiest matron on the ball-room floor. There were two Miss Scharffs, one in blue and one in silver-spangled white, both the *dernier cri* as to style and manner, and both the recipients of much attention. Then there was the fascinating Miss Bernheimer, daughter of dear, benevolent old Marcus, who was the vivacious center of a lively group. Mrs. Hirschfeld struck me as a woman with much prepossessing fascination, and of course, there was Mrs. Arthur Lieber, the daintiest little thing you could imagine. But I can't remember 'em all. And I wish I could remember all the gossip I gathered about all the family feuds that I heard of there. It seems there's a lot of that among our swell Jews here, but I didn't notice that it marred the fun. Every woman had a good time; the oldest matrons were cavaliered as attentively as the youngest debutantes. The men were truly devoted. I don't think I ever saw so many pretty, strikingly pretty girls in my life. That Mrs. Weisels is certainly one corker for looks and style, and Mrs.

Sam Abeles is another who caressed my eye with her face and figure. The dressing all around was scrumptious, I tell you, and the fun was fast, but not frenzied. I was surprised at the number of the younger Jewesses whose hair is blonde, surprised at the absence of diamonds, delighted with the general unaffected geniality and lack of stiffness. Me for the children of Israel, especially if I can see Mrs. Phil Haberman do her coquettish little pit-a-pat step and sing like a bird and feast my optics on May Goldman's plump petiteness in kimono, obi and sandals. And then to see Charlie Stix lounge across the hall and pop a remark into a group that explodes it with laughter! Great!

Harry Turner was dozing at the club. Near him Jordan Lambert was talking art. "Yes," said Jordan, "I'm a happy man. I've just bought a Rembrandt for steen thousand dollars." Harry woke up: "Steam? Gasoline? What horsepower? Bet my Pope-Toledo can beat it!" Doesn't this beat the Britisher who didn't know whether Botticelli was a wine or a

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cheese? Indeed it does. It's a true story, for I got it from Stacey Bray.

One of the Blanke sons—Richard, I think it is, is reported begated to a darling little thing in the West End named Hazel Thompson—I haste to acquaint you with the news. Dick will do the right and proper thing all right, if it's true—I can see a Westmoreland place mansion, and a coach and pair for Hazel right soon—those Blanke boys are awfully good to their wives.

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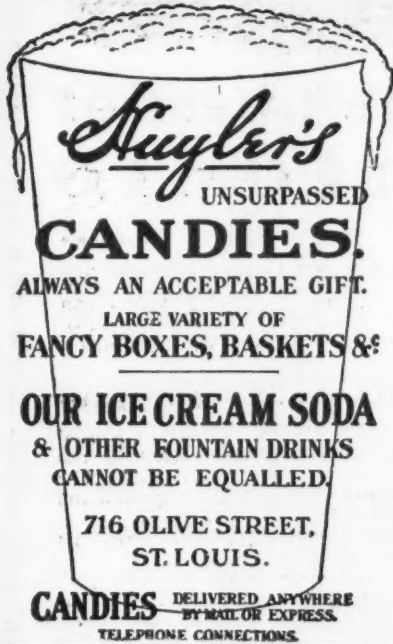
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Dramatic

La Pucelle.

How to tell the charm of this play "Jeanne D'Arc," presented Monday evening by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe! It is a beautiful play that Percy Mackaye has written, poetical, musical, mystical, colorful. Minds one of some old mellow regal tapestry, archaically simple, strong, sweet with all goodness and sad with the sadness of faith in a skeptic world.

From Domremy to doom we go with God's sweet maid. We hear the voices of her advising saints, but they are not so sweet as her own. She makes us realize her visions. She makes us to believe. We see in Miss Marlowe's interpretation all the purity of the girl, her courage, never masculine, always holy, innocent of rage or storm. There is not one coarse strain in the entire role. It is gemmed throughout with divine simplicities—as when she identifies the king, as when she hears the sheep bells and meets her father on her way to the coronation of the king. Steadily consistent in strength, the portraiture is distinguished by innumerable nuances of manner that have the very beat of a true, brave, loving heart. And her raptness is infectious. Ever she is the maid, never an Amazon or Bellona. And the tender piety of her amid the crash and blare of war is as of a lily in a blazing garden of peonies. There is no word for Miss Marlowe's art in this part but "exquisite." There is no term for its informing spirit but "tender." It glorifies the conception of simple faith that moves mountains, and the exalting quality of this faith lifts us with the maid above the tragedy of the stake. It makes the play end in a glory rather than a gloom.

Mr. Sothern, too, is superb in his role of *D'Alencon*, in his presentation of that man, gentle and true, culturedly cynical, but honest, dubious, yet brave, graceful in carriage and in speech, immaculate in thought, kind and keen, faithful to beauty ever and attuned in every fibre to all nobility, scorning all baseness. He is incarnate chivalry, without its boastfulness of itself. He is a lover who rises from an earthly affection to a passion having in it the supreme spirituality of Dante's devotion to Beatrice. Subordinated by the necessity of the play's motif to his co-star, he beautifully seconds the beauty of that chief character with the beauty of his own. Between the two the scenes are musical strophe and antistrophe. They foil one another with bewitching art, and no one may say that neither does the other surpass in the splendidly cadenced effect of their speeches, the perfectly harmonized color they bestow upon the scenes, the balanced tenseness of the emotions with which they are surcharged. Mr. Sothern in *D'Alencon* reaches his full height, and he reaches it in just this subordination of himself to Miss Marlowe which the play demands.

There are other striking performers in the cast. Rowland Buckstone's *La Hire* is full of vital unction. Mr. Lewis as the king is inescapably vacillating, yet with all the charm of the man who takes his color from every mood or motive of others. Mr. Reicher's *La Tremouille* is the embodiment of cunning villainy. And indeed, nearly every part down to the smallest, is capably taken.

The play is gloriously staged, without any towering of scenery over the actors. The music for the performance is delectably elevated, and an honor to Prof. Converse, who composed it. And on Monday evening an insurpassable audience greeted it in the *bijou* Garrick. And dead, indeed, of soul must that person be who took not away from this play something of its idyl quality to rebuke him through many a musing hour for his past days of little faith in the

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promise to "the pure in heart" that "they shall see God."

Next week: "On Parole," with Charlotte Walker and Vincent Serrano as the principals.

The Southpaw Comedian.

If Frank Daniels didn't look grotesque he wouldn't be funny at all. He seems to have a torpid imagination or pressure on the creative cell of his conning tower. You don't know whether to sympathize with or laugh at his efforts to be funny in "Sergt. Brue," the musical show, which is now enduring its second season, principally on the strength of its catchy music, its witty passages and one or two well-built situations. But Mr. Daniels makes faces at his audience and that suffices for comedy, and his singing voice sounds like a cracked record on a phonograph. When he gets away from horseplay and follows the lines he's better. At that he's popular, as is evidenced by the enthusiasm of his audiences. But then they have a variety of other talent to look upon in this piece, Julia Frary, a new and pretty member of the company, who is just on the threshold of a stage career, takes the place of Sallie Fisher, of "Dearie" fame, and acquits herself creditably both in melody and comedy. Ella Snyder is another bit of pleasing and talented femininity in the cast. And Charles H. Drew, Nace Bonville and Edward Hume share the larger honors of the piece. Their rendition of the song "Put In My Little Cell," is as big a hit as last season.

Next week: "Checkers."

Flip Fun.

The new Cohan piece, "George Washington, Jr.," had its first production in St. Louis at the Olympic Sunday night. It was well received, so was George Cohan, the perpetrator. In addition to the other diverting features of the performance, Mr. Cohan made a speech and, what's more, pleaded guilty to not being a playwright or even an actor. He was satisfied as long as he pleased theater-goers. And his new piece—canned patriotism—appears to tickle them all right. They "ate it up" Sunday night. Mr. Cohan has the accelerator strapped down from the start and his vehicle simply flies. His singing and dancing are not among the hits, but Ethel Levey's are. More in the nature of the best work in the show is Willis P. Sweatnam's, the former minstrel's *Eaton Ham* impersonation. And John A. Boone occasionally rises above the tawdry environment.

In stage settings the production is quite pretentious.

Next week: "Annie Russell as Puck in 'A Mid-Summer Night's Dream.'"

Knighthood.

Mary Tudors—a few at least—have come and gone since Julia Marlowe's original and unapproachable triumph in the role, but Miss Grace Merritt promises to be best remembered of the less famous ones. Miss Merritt is the new and captivating star in "When Knighthood Was In Flower," which is playing at the Imperial this week. Miss Merritt has not followed the paths of predecessors in her impersonation of the fascinating madcap Princess of England. She has preferred her own conception of the role, or rather followed the author, Charles Major's picture of the Princess—at all times a pleasing portrait, to the tastes of commoners. Even though the "purple note" that should be, is lacking in intensity at times in her acting, Miss Merritt has sufficient dramatic skill to escape the consequences. In the lighter scenes she is at her best. She's a born comedienne and comedy has such a dominating influence on the part that her transition to the serious and imperious always seems unharmonious and lacking in sincerity. It may be that

this is due to the fact that Miss Merritt is lacking in inches, instead of power, but regardless of it all, she is a successful Mary. Her reading of the lines, the shading that makes the meaning of them most effective, is generally done up to the highest standards. In the love scenes in the opening acts, her work readily ascends to the realm of power. In a word, she has proven herself capable of even greater achievements than

Mary Tudor. Miss Merritt's support is only indifferent. Carroll Daly plays the part of her commoner sweetheart *Capt. Brandon*, without much apparent enthusiasm; John W. Thompson is about as unregal a *King Henry VIII* as could well be conceived; Edgar Norris' *Buckingham* is all "stagey" and Frank Sager's *Cardinal Wolsey* is quite emasculated.

Ella Wright as *Jane Seymour*, the

Princess' maid and aide-de-camp in her *affaire de coeur*, is about the cleverest of the others in the cast.

Next week: Dolly Kemper in "The Gypsy Girl."

Comstockery Staged.

Anthony Comstock was represented on the stage of the German Theater at the Odeon last Sunday in Walter Bloem's drama, "The Memorial Foun-

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tain." Not our own Comstock, of course, but his German counterpart, for there are Comstocks in every land of Christendom—stupidity is an international asset—and not one single Comstock either, but a "bunch" of those zealots that scents immorality in every reproduction of nature as revealed in the human body, and cry, with Paul Heyse:

*"Cover with the mantle of Christianity
Free Beauty's sinful vanity,
The highest aim for art, I guess,
Shall be, God's image in full dress,"*

The zealots, led by Pastor Kottsieper, object to the unveiling of a fountain which the rich merchant, Hoenninghaus, has donated to the city, and their objection is based upon the nudity of the figures thereon. This party, with an infuriated mob of followers, finally destroys this work of art, which the master-hand of *Helmuth Elmenreich* has formed. *Pastor Elmenreich*, the foster father and uncle of the young artist, who had first, true to his broad and liberal views, refused to abet the bigots, gives them in the end his assistance in a public meeting, not because he has changed his views on the alleged sinfulness of this work of sculpture, but because his artist-nephew has succeeded in winning the heart of *Isolde*, *Rev. Elmenreich's* daughter, and is thus luring her into the realm of art towards which her instincts, inherited from her mother, incline her, but in which her father can only see her moral ruin. A glimpse of the beauty of the fountain opens her eyes to art, and to love for the artist. The problem Art vs. Morals, between ascetic and artistic conceptions of life, is not solved by the play. It never will be as long as there are people with Hebraic, and others with Hellenic views of life. But *Isolde*, giving up her home for her love of the sculptor, helps to the triumph of Nature, and, therefore, of her noblest child, Art.

Director Ferdinand Welb created the part of the broad-minded, venerable pastor, *Elmenreich*, in a powerful characterization, while Mr. Fritz Beese gave a stirring reproduction of the grim bigot, *Kottsieper*, avoiding any exaggeration, eschewing caricature. Miss Louise Pellmann was a charming *Isolde*, and of convincing fervor in the scene when her first look at the fountain evokes a hymn of the pure beauty in *Helmuth's* masterwork. Her conception failed only in making *Isolde* too naive. Miss Emilie von Jagemann gave a good representation of the gentle, but narrow-minded second wife of *Rev. Elmenreich*, while Mr. Hans Loebel, clever as always, played the role of the millionaire *Hoenninghaus* with a fine bonhomie, which came too near burlesque to be wholly pleasing. Mr. Alexander Deubner, as the young artist *Helmuth*, was very fine in his make-up, but in scenes of strong emotion his language became confused. The minor roles were well taken care of by Messrs. Fred Hein and Martin Dudel. The play was the best production offered by the company this season.

The entertainment the Tiger Lilies Company is furnishing at the Standard this week, is flashy, witty, and generally up-to-date. Two musical skits "A Temporary Husband" and "A Trip to the Moon" are capitally done. George P. Murphy, one of the cleverest of German comedians on the burlesque stage furnishes laughs galore in both pieces. In the olio are May Belmont, a comedienne of promise; LaVelle and Grant, physical culture artists; Murphy, Harlow and Barrett in a real funny sketch; Corbly and Burke, who introduce some novelties in their song and dance stunt and the Tigerscope.

Next week: "The Nightingale Burlesquers."

You couldn't crowd any more features into the Behman show. It's one of the Gayety's best offerings of the sea-



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son. Geiger and Walters' fine musical novelty, an importation, is the popular piece on the programme. The Ruplets, in a unique acrobatic turn; the Masqued Ladies' Quintet; Martini's Mimosa Girls; Leo and Georges' comedians and Hayes and Wynne, dancers, are also enthusiastically received. Frank D. Bryan's spectacular novelty, "Human Flags," brings the performance to a fitting close.

Next week: "The Blue Ribbon Girls."

"In Old Kentucky" is fourteen years or more on the theatrical turf but it's still doing well, thank you. It is showing at the Grand this week and arousing as much enthusiasm as of yore. Miss Marie Quinn is playing the heroine, Madge, the mountain maid, altogether satisfactorily. None of her predecessors in the part has surpassed her. Others in the familiar roles of the piece whose work is up to the standard are Frank Dayton, Bert G. Clark, Julia Morton and Louise Reming.

Next week: "Wonderland."

Patrons of the German theater at the Odeon will enjoy this coming Sunday a capital farce with clever musical trimmings "Der Schaechtermeister von Nedlitz." (The Butcher of Nedlitz). Director George Heinemann will play the star part. The piece is along the same lines that German farce writers have always observed—a good, heart story, served up with plenty of fun.

The Hot Timers' Show.

Next Monday and Tuesday evenings the Hot Time Minstrels will give their annual entertainment at the Odeon, and a large outpouring of society is expected on the occasion. The feature, as usual, will be the minstrel scene, showing the annual dinner of the Hot Time Club on the roof garden of the club house. Messrs. Gale, Davidson, "Billy" Lawrence and "Johnnie" Dauer, will be negro waiters, and Mr. Buse toastmaster. Messrs. Morton, Niedringhaus, Cash, Shackelford, Roe and Godlove will sing. The introductory programme will include a sketch written for the Hot Timers by Harry L. Dunlap.

Straussiana

BY PINX.

I was out at Strauss' studio, at Grand and Franklin avenues, the other day and found him, as usual, doing something new. You know that rear patio, back of his photo palace, with its high walls of concrete, all painted white inside. There I found Strauss—Julius Caesar himself—making more work for himself. He is setting up a ground floor studio, the south wall of which is all crystal glass. This floods the new room with light—the white painted patio walls contributing—even on the murkiest day. An ideal little place in which to take pictures. For Strauss can't get light on dark days in his operating room, and the demand of people from all over the country for sittings is such that he can't let any day go by unused as to its light for all it is worth. The dark days have to be used. There aren't enough of bright ones in the year to furnish enough light to enable Strauss to photograph all the people who want him to photograph them. So now, with this new studio, he can take photographs at any time there isn't a London fog or a total eclipse of the sun. So, grey days and gold, you must keep your appointment with Strauss—this glutton for work because the work is always such sheer joy to him. The joy for the sitter comes when he sees Strauss' finished product. For Strauss is recognized as being the best, the most artistic photographer in the world. The other topnotchers in the profession don't

quite admit it; but they don't quite deny it either. A nice thing about this, too, is that Strauss doesn't bellow it to the public.

And yet he isn't happy—which means that aspiration in him is far in advance of performance. What does he want more than the effects he gets now—those effects that make people come from the ends of the continent for his work, that make *grande dames* of Gotham order \$1200 worth of photographs from him at a time? Only truth—that's all he wants, the esurient aesthetic that he is. "If only they'd take the pictures here like they take 'em in Germany—the people, I mean, not the photographers," said he. "Let me show you some photographs by R. Duhrkoop, of Hamburg." And he showed them to me. Splendid and utterly veritistic, yet not crude they are. People over there evidently are not anxious to be prettified. They don't mind if in their photographs a wrinkle shows, if a hand is not moulded idealistically, if they have a little roughness of feature. It is as if each sitter said to Duhrkoop, *a la* Oliver Cromwell: "Paint me, warts and all." People over yonder are not ashamed of the marks of years, or even of what the physiognomist may read in their faces. Duhrkoop's work is splendid because he is permitted to let his pictures tell the truth. And so these Hamburg photographs stand out as veritable human documents, innocent of the most embryonic idealization. We Americans are "stuck on ourselves." We want to be made to conform to a certain model of appearance. We want to be finished off, primped up, polished—what not. And so every photographer grinds his teeth at the monotony of American photographs. They want their pictures "took" in the most picturey fashion, in a formal sort of grace like we find in Romney's paintings. All this I gathered from the Straussian wail over the *verite*

of this Hamburg camera expert. At least it shows the generosity of Strauss' recognition of a brother artist.

And yet Strauss is less of a "pretty-fier" than any leading photographer in this country. Germans right in Hamburg, who were photographed by Strauss during the World's Fair, still send back to him for his pictures of them. Indeed, Strauss comes nearer than any photographer to giving us the *ding an sich* in his art. When he does, not I shall say he sins, holding, as I do, that art should and must assist Nature at times. Strauss has been called by an authority on photography "a brutalist." *Crede experto*. A Strauss photograph to my thinking has a value aside from mere likeness to the sitter, in that there is always some touch of Strauss in it. He has a gift of arranging values of humanity, as it were, in his pictures. "Even so and not otherwise" would you have one posed for a Strauss picture. So that he seems to seek out and bring to the front the elusive quality of personality as well as to get a speaking likeness. Duhrkoop is Duhrkoop, but Strauss is Strauss.

So while it is high and fine in him to find the beauty of another artist's work all that he says it is, we of St. Louis know our Strauss and won't stand for his knocking of himself by the slightest indirection. We know that there shall come out of his addition to his studio work that will still be supreme. There is but one Strauss—in photography at least. He is to that art what the other Strauss is coming to be in music—the last word of our day.

There may be some St. Louisans who amount to something, whom Strauss has not photographed. Well, most St. Louisans who think they amount to something are only for a day. If they are to live to future generations their only hope is to have their faces in his gallery—our Hall of Fame—and their

negatives in his "catacombs," for they must remember:

*All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us.
The bust outlasts the throne,
The coin, Tiberius.*

The Frisco Reform Spasm

Oakland, August 26, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I've known and admired that splendid intelligence of yours a long time. There is head and heart quality about your work, and that is why your opinions are worth while. It is not all glitter nor all emotion, but a most pleasing blend of the two.

I want to call attention to a paragraph of yours, "Schmitz and His Nemesis," in the issue of November 22, and gently inform you that you are laboring under a mistake when you inform your readers that President Roosevelt took a hand in the graft investigation because of the alleged theft, by the administration, of the country's charity fund to poor old "Frisco." If you'll look over the local papers that first printed that story, you will find that even they do not go on record as declaring that the administration looted this fund. They manage to create this impression by innuendo, insinuation and clever juggling of words, but stop short of the actual statement.

As a matter of fact, neither Mayor Schmitz, nor a single member of the administration handled these funds for a moment. Mayor Schmitz may be pretty bad, but he did not loot the poor box. Were there a scintilla of truth in this charge, San Franciscans—the thousands who still huddle in tents—would not stop until the Schmitz home was a heap of kindling wood and the man himself absolutely where he could never disgrace humanity.

Mr. Reedy, you are a fair man, and I

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BALMER & WEBER

think would be moved to take the part of the devil if you felt that the devil was the under dog. It is a mighty nasty mess we are airing out here these days, but those of us who only look on, who can't even vote and don't even want to, feel queerly cynical when Beelzebub goes about arrayed in the garb of purity and sanctity, making horrified grimaces at the wickedness that he uncovers. We just sort of wonder what his game is—knowing something about the manners of the "gent" from much watching of his tactful game.

Spreckels is cornering much glory because he raised \$100,000 with which to prosecute these poor—poor in intellect and poor in purse—Union Labor officials. Mind, I'm not sticking up for them, but I do believe, in all sincerity, and after much near-at-hand scrutiny of their ways, that the Union Labor fellows, with all their crudity and stupidity, are giving us as good a government as we ever got from the other side. The Spreckels crowd are "dead sore" because they were refused a franchise to operate a street railway system last spring. It is millions to them. Now they want to show that the present company—the United Railway gang—got its franchise by corrupt means, by bribing the supervisors. Likely they were bribed, but I don't know. Nobody is telling. Anyway, what is a bagatelle of \$100,000 to the Spreckels millionaires, if they can own the streets, as they will attempt to do when they oust the present administration? Then our Jimmy Phelan, son of one of our nicest mayors, and himself a first-class second-class little man, is aching to sell us a no-account water system that the supervisors have turned down. It would mean something like eight or ten millions to the Spreckels-Phelan crowd.

You can't get away from it. It is all an economic, financial fight. First against Union Labor. They must be downed so the old millionaire crowd can get into control of the city's affairs. Then the Spreckels and their allies will have a chance to invest their money at a still higher rate of income from the city. I'm not in the least attempting to absolve Schmitz and Ruef of their guilt, but the real animus of the fuss in the town is not the wrong-doing of these men. But even so, neither of these men is as black as he is painted. I wish you could be here to have a "look-in." There never was in the history of the country such a system of organized newspaper villainy. And the people are floundering between the devil and the deep sea. As an evidence of the cupidity of the Spreckels: they put up the rent on every house and block they owned the week after the fire, and the monthly increase is many times more than the sum Rudolph Spreckels put up to "clean" the town. This is the kind of a person who is posing as a reformer these wearisome days. Faugh! We've been bored to death with descriptions of the menus served during the Schmitz trip abroad, the corporation press seeking to discredit the mayor with his Union Labor friends because he did not patronize a hash-house and travel in a tourist car. Et cetera and et cetera. It would be a colossal joke were it not too much gloomed over with tragedy. The poor contributing to the exorbitant rent of the Spreckels are paying for this "purity fund."

I'm only intruding this upon you because I know were you here and could see with your own eyes how grossly the situation is misrepresented, you would not have echoed the sentiment of the local papers. It is, I know, unbelievable and inconceivable that a situation could be so vilely tricked out in the guise of righteousness when the real animus of the thing is greed—the greed of millionaires. "There's millions in it" for the Spreckels-Phelan "bunch," and men do fight and finesse pretty well these days for such stakes. Very truly,

LOUISE AGNES VON WEICH.

P. S.—Superfluous, likely, but I'm not

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ILLUSTRATED MORNING LECTURES ON ART TOPICS, 11 a. m to 12 m., AT MEMORIAL HALL.

Subject, Dec. 11, "Italian Painting—The Early Renaissance," by Alice M. More.

Visitors to the city may obtain Guests' Ticket to lectures and to Museum Collections at 19th Street, or Park Art Building from Annual Members of the Museum.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant.
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wanting any publicity in this. Were I a man and liked the heavy artillery of fighting, I'd love nothing better than to go into this with all my might. But next time you ventilate this matter, won't you just take a peep at the real issue of this fracas?

Music

Amphion versus Apollo.

The rival male choruses are up and at it. The Odeon is the scene of action, and plangent battle cries ring through the bill hall. Last season the Apollos, with proper pride, ignored the aspirations of the new club, but the Amphion's progressiveness has forced recognition. It is war to a finish now, and the fight promises to be an interesting one. Aside from ambition to gain prominence for his club, there are other, more personal motives, that spur Mr. Robyn on to give the Amphion his best efforts—and Mr. Robyn's best is sure to be effective, despite the raw, unpromising material with which he has to work.

Mr. Robyn has always bitterly resented the unglorious handling that he received from the Apollo Club, and it was probably thirst for revenge that induced him to accept the leadership of the new club. That Mr. Robyn "made" the Apollo Club is a fact which is fully appreciated by the officers and members of that organization, but the vagaries and caprices in which the whilom leader indulged himself, tried their patience sorely, and about three years ago, when, for the 'steenth time he "resigned" in a pet, the Apolloites decided for once to take their frivolous "Fred" seriously, and, much to his astonishment and chagrin, Herr Robyn found himself dispensed with.

Meanwhile, the Apollo has not suffered. On the contrary, the club has made decided progress, artistically, under Mr. Galloway's direction, and at no time since its organization has the subscription list been so long as it is at present. The audiences, however, are hardly as brilliant as they were, and the crowds in the boxes are not as representative, socially, as in former seasons, but an Apollo audience is, nevertheless, a fashionable and distinguished gathering.

The Amphion Club, having faithfully copied the methods of the Apollo Club in conducting the business end of the

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KINDLER CARICATURES

Tom Landrum

Daily sees to it that hundreds of St. Louisans and temporary St. Louisans are comfortably housed.

We daily see to it that scores of St. Louisans are comfortably, as well as handsomely clothed. If any of you St. Louisans could hear the comments on our tailoring that are made by visitors you would begin to realize that you have "in your midst" a truly metropolitan tailoring establishment. Only last week we made a suit for that chap who helped to sing "You Look Awfully Good to Father" in The Umpire and he declared no New York tailor ever produced as perfect a suit for him.

As it's Dress Suit time, we mention the fact that we make superior Dress Suits to measure for \$50, \$60 and \$75.

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organization, and having modeled its concerts closely on the plan adopted by the older society, comes this year, like its rival, with "sold out" houses, though in its bid for fashion the new club has not been as successful as the Apollo.

The first real meeting of the two clubs resulted in a fairly even break. Where the Amphions were weak, the Apollos were strong, and vice versa.

The quality of the Amphion's music is strained, but in the matter of "assisting artists," the Amphion's superiority is indisputable. Gadski and Hekking so far outclass the modest offering in the way of soloists made by the Apollo Club, that one cannot help wondering why the usually alert Apollonians allowed themselves to be caught napping.

To be sure, the Apollo feels that the work of the club is of a caliber that should make the chorus the principal attraction, and at the concert given last week this was undoubtedly the case. The club sang exceedingly well—better than ever—and Mr. Galloway had provided an attractive programme.

The Amphions' course indicates that they entertain no illusions as to the potency of the club's work. After Gadski and Hekking, come Campanari and Ruegger, and then Nordica, and and possibly Caesar Thomson. The trouble with the Amphion Club is that it is made up, largely, of very inferior material—voices that have been and voices that never will be—but that combination of soloists is proof against lace-rant tones, or no tones at all.

Galloway and Robyn are great leaders, and this competition puts an access of life into their art, that should result in an achievement which will make this season memorable.



The Stock Market

The Union Pacific's annual report has come and gone. It showed 14 per cent earned on the company's common stock, which amounts to almost \$200,000,000. The splendid record of earnings made a good impression on Wall street minds, but caused no particular enthusiasm. The matter had been discounted in advance. When Harriman and his clique raised the dividend rate on the common last August to ten per cent per annum, it was already well known that the company was earning considerably more than this rate. Since then the stock has remained, most of the time, below 100. Present figures must be regarded as extraordinarily low for a ten per cent dividend-payer. Northern Pacific common, which pays only 7 per cent, is quoted at 223. From this it would seem that there's still a great deal of skepticism extant in investment circles as to dividend future of Union Pacific. This, despite the fact that the Southern Pacific is handsomely contributing to the Union Pacific's annual surplus.

The juggling with the dividend four months ago has undoubtedly hurt the standing of Union Pacific securities in investors' eyes. Conservative people do not relish stock market tricks of this sort. London financiers are still discussing Harriman's astounding performance. The *Economist* is outspokenly censorious, and warning its readers not to buy American shares at the present time. It does not mitigate Harriman's offense to say that the dividend was more than earned. The Union Pacific clique knew more than a year ago what the financial prospects of the company justified in the matter of dividends. They deferred any decided raise in the rate in order to accumulate large blocks of the stock below 140.

This may be ancient history to ordinary outsiders, but it is not to careful observers. The Union Pacific episode furnished the key to all subsequent performances on the stock exchange. The entire market is controlled by a conscienceless group of gamblers connected with leading railroad systems. It is they, not the investors, who are supporting the

OUR INVITATION

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St. Louis Union Trust Company

AT ST. LOUIS.

Condensed Statement Made to Secretary of State at the
Close of Business,

NOVEMBER 12, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Time Loans	\$13,144,185.71
Bonds and Stocks	4,227,683.03
Overdrafts	33,462.77
Company's Office Buildings and Other Real Estate	573,873.72
Safe Deposit Vaults	104,670.75
Call Loans	\$8,719,349.75
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks	4,489,085.48 13,208,435.23

\$31,292,311.21

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus	5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	1,244,873.86

DEPOSITS.

Banks and Trust Companies..\$	985,915.66
Individual	19,061,521.69 20,047,437.35

\$31,292,311.21

To Our Savings Depositors:

On December 10, 1906, or thereafter, please present your savings pass books at window No. 20, north corridor, so that interest earned, if any, may be entered therein.

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market. These men have their hands on the capital of banks and their own companies. They have devised means to do without insurance funds. This is made startlingly plain by the Union Pacific's annual report. On June 30, 1905, this company reported \$7,345,564 cash on hand or in bank, and no outstanding loans. On June 30, 1906, cash on hand was \$21,258,882, and "demand loans" aggregated \$34,710,000. What sort of "demand loans" does this refer to? It is quite permissible to draw the inference that the company's funds are being used in Wall street stock-jobbing manoeuvres.

The men now running things with a high hand in Wall street know what they are about. They profit by their inside knowledge to the utmost extent. Harriman is doing what others are doing. James J. Hill has been, or is, profiting in the same mode through his financial "deals" in the Northwest. The New York banks and trust companies are accessories both before and after the fact. They are mostly owned and managed by the very men who dominate the "House of Mirth" in Wall street. Recent money market developments make this plain to even the wayfaring fool.

The other day, the call rate shot up to 27 per cent, or the highest for this time of the year since 1881. But the stock exchange bulls remained undaunted. They continued to put up prices. New favorites are springing up every day. The smash-up in Nipissing mining shares on the "curb" did not interfere with the execution of the gay programme on the stock exchange. New enticing rumors were set afloat to draw and hold the outsider. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern shareholders are to be given substantial Christmas presents in connection with the distribution of large profits derived from the acquisition and operation of the Burlington system. James J. Hill is again credited with heavy purchases of Missouri, Kansas & Texas shares. Some street corner oracles already assert that he has secured control of this important Southwestern property. This theory furnished the explanation for the late spirited rise in the company's common stock, which is, at present, selling at the highest prices on record. It would appear, however, as though the big earnings alone could be held accountable for the advance.

Reports are current that the Pennsylvania has disposed of its entire holdings of Chesapeake & Ohio. It will be remembered that the company recently disposed, also, of the greater portion of its holdings of the Baltimore & Ohio and Norfolk & Western. These sales seem to be the outcome of fears on the part of the Pennsylvania that renewed attempts might be made to investigate searchingly into the relations of the four systems mentioned. Since the Vanderbilt lines are likewise interested in the Chesapeake & Ohio, it is now presumed that they will enlarge their holdings of the stock, with a view to ultimate complete absorption. C. & O. shares are quoted at 60. They advanced about six points in the last ten days. As they pay only one per cent a year, this price must be considered rather extravagant, although, as a permanent speculative investment, C. & O. should be attractive to parties who are not afraid of sharp fluctuations.

Surplus reserves recorded another shrinkage last Saturday. They were cut down to \$1,449,125, or the lowest level, for this date, since 1890. In ordinary times, such astonishing figures would induce a sharp break in quotations, but it would seem that these are extraordinary times, since Wall street pays no heed to unfavorable features. Time was when large surplus reserves and low money rates used to be regarded as the surest foundations for a stock boom. But they have changed their minds since. There are leading "lights" in the financial world nowadays who gravely assert

that low surplus reserves and high money rates are fine bull arguments, inasmuch as they are the most reliable symptoms of great prosperity.

Owing to a moderate relaxation in the money tension at London, New York bankers are again borrowing over there, and will borrow a great deal more, if the Bank of England does not antagonize their operations. It is believed that Brazil will soon withdraw \$20,000,000 from the Bank of England, this amount being needed to finance the Brazilian government's strange and precarious scheme of "cornering" the coffee market. Brazilian statesmen must have taken lessons from Sully and Brown, late of the New York and New Orleans cotton exchanges.

Local Securities.

Speculatively, things are livening up in this burg. Bank and trust company shares are once more forging to the front. End-of-the-year dividend expectations seem to be behind the sudden demand for these issues. Some sharp gains have been recorded. Bank of Commerce has climbed up to 332 on quite a string of sales. Missouri-Lincoln has risen to 135, and Mississippi Valley, after a break to 315, has rallied to 320. The recent sales of this stock at declining quotations are believed to have been for the account of a party pressed for liquid capital. There has also been a rise in Third National, which is changing hands at this time at 310. State National is 192 bid, 195 asked.

Industrial shares remained neglected. No price changes worth noting occurred in any instance. United Railways preferred is changing hands at 81½, while the common remains dull at 44½ bid, 46 asked. The latter shares act as if somebody was absorbing them quietly.

Money rates are still quoted at 6 per cent, with excellent demand. Drafts on New York are lower, being 10 discount bid, 5 premium asked. Sterling exchange is lower, cable transfers being reported at \$4.86. Berlin is 94¾ and Paris 5.19½.

Answers to Inquiries.

G. W. E.—Erie common, though disappointingly slow, should be held. Company's earnings very good. Colorado Southern common not tempting at prevailing prices.

H. B., Carthage, Mo.—Would not recommend purchases of Pacific Mail. There's nothing to bull it on. Louisville & Nashville very likely to go higher. Stock easy to manipulate. Optimistic dividend expectations will soon be rife again.

T. A. P.—The occasional flurries in International Paper merely in response to general activity. Insiders would like to make the stock attractive to lambs. Keep out.

Cotillon Favors at Plows'

A peep at Plows' Cotillon favors and nick-nacks shows them to be the daintiest, most unique display of those charming trifles that belong to the swell ballroom. Nor is a dinner menu complete without a pretty little souvenir for the guest to carry away. Plows' assortment of these novelties is the choicest west of New York. In variety it has no equal. There need be no duplication for those who purchase their Christmas bon bon boxes, cotillon favors and dinner novelties at Plows'.

Society Lady Writes a Book

"Cress," a delightful love story from the pen of Mrs. Clara Hiemenz, a well-known society lady of this city, is told in a manner truly refreshing and simple. Its artistic illustrations and handsome exterior of white and gold, reveal the perfection that the art of book-making has attained in this city. Mrs. Hiemenz is a St. Louis lady. Her book is the production of St. Louis firms, and

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If you desire to make your wife, your husband, your family, or your friend the very practical Christmas present of a Kinloch Telephone and you will communicate with us by letter or phone, our solicitor will come and see you and either install the phone at once—wire the house and make the connection the day before Christmas—or the company will write a letter to the recipient of the present, to be received on Christmas morning, announcing the fact that you have contracted for the telephone in his or her name.

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The story has a strongly serious strain, possesses excellent literary qualities, is strong in its construction, and admirable in its moral tone.

Art Students' Bazaar

The students of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts are going to give a bazaar

on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, in which their best productions will be seen. The bazaar will be given in The Bronze Gallery, Museum of Fine Arts, Nineteenth and Locust streets. The exhibition opens at 8 p. m. Tuesday, and will continue on Wednesday from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., and on Thursday from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. All the arts and crafts will be represented, and it is expected that the exhibition will surpass any of its predecessors in excellence, achievement as well as quantity.

Getting shaved riding 60 miles an hour. Compartment observation sleepers; Ladies' maid and stenographer on the Knickerbocker Special, leaving St. Louis 1:00 p. m.; arriving New York 6:00 p. m., via Big Four-New York Central Lines.



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